

THE MAN ON THE BOX

By HAROLD McGRATH

Author of "The Gray Clerk," "The Paper Doll"

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"Drink? Why the next day he was going to lick the men who had poured the stuff down his throat. A toddy once in a while, that was all he ever took. And how he loved a fight! He had the tenacity of a bulldog; once he set his mind on getting something, he never let up till he got it."

The girl trifled thoughtfully with a rose.

"Was he ever in an Indian fight?" she asked, casually.

"Only scraps and the like. He went into the reservation alone one day and arrested a chief who had murdered a sheep-herder. It was a volunteer job, and nine men out of ten would never have left the reservation alive. He was certainly a cool hand."

"I dare say," smiling. She wanted to ask him if he had ever been hurt, this daredevil of a lieutenant, but she could not bring the question to her lips. "What did you say his name was?"—innocently.

"Warburton, Robert Warburton."

Here the butler came in with the birds. The girl's eyes followed him, hither and thither her lips hidden behind the rose.

CHAPTER XVIII.

CAUGHT!

Karloff came around to music. The dramatist's wife should play Tosti's Ave Maria. Miss Annesley should play the obligato on the violin and the prima-donna should sing; but just at present the dramatist should tell them all about his new military play which was to be produced in December.

"Count, I beg to decline," laughed the dramatist. "I should hardly dare to tell my plot before two such military experts as we have here. I should be told to write the play all over again, and now it is too late."

Whenever Betty's glances fell on her father's face, the gladness in her own was somewhat dimmed. What was making that loved face so care-worn, the mind so listless, the attitude so weary? But she was young; the spirits of youth never flow long in one direction. The repartee, brilliant and at the same time every sting withdrawn, flashed up and down the table like so many fireflies on a wet lawn in July, and drew her irresistibly.

As the courses came and passed, so the conversation became less and less general; and by the time the ices were served the colonel had engaged his host, and the others divided into twos. Then coffee, liqueurs and cigars, when the ladies rose and trailed into the little Turkish room, where the "distinguished-looking butler" supplied them with the amber juice.

A dinner is a function where everybody talks and nobody eats. Some have eaten before they come, some wish they had, and others dare not eat for fear of losing some of the gossip. After the liqueurs my butler concluded that his labor was done and he offered a short prayer of thankfulness and relief. Heavens, what mad, fantastic impulses had seized him while he was passing the soup. Supposing he had spilled the hot liquid down Karloff's back, or poured out a glass of burgundy for himself and drained it before them all, or slapped his late colonel on the back and asked him the state of his liver? It was maddening and he marvelled at his escape. There hadn't been a real mishap. The colonel had only scowled at him; he was safe. He passed secretly from the house and hung around the bow-window which let out on the low balcony. The window was open, and occasionally he could hear a voice from beyond the room, which was dark.

It was one of those nights, those mild November nights, to which the novelists of the old regime used to devote a whole page; the silvery pallor on the landscape, the moon-mists, the round, white, inevitable moon, the stirring breezes, the murmur of the few remaining leaves, and all that. But these busy days we have not the time to read nor the inclination to describe.

Suddenly upon the stillness of the night the splendor of a human voice broke forth; the prima-donna was trying her voice. A violin wailed a note. A hand ran up and down the keys of the piano. Warburton held his breath and waited. He had heard Tosti's Ave Maria many times, but he never will forget the manner in which it was sung that night. The songstress was care-free and among persons she knew and liked, and she put her soul into that magnificent and mysterious throat of hers. And throbbing all through the song was the vibrant, loving voice of the violin. And when the human tones died away and the instrument ceased to speak, Warburton felt himself swallowing rapidly. Then came Schumann's Trauermusik on the strings, Handel's Largo, Grieg's Papillon, and a ballade by Chaminade. Then again sang the prima-donna; old folksy songs, sketches from the operas, grand and light, Faust. The Barber of Seville, La Fille de Madame Angot. In all his days Warburton had never heard such music. Doubtless he had—even better; only at this period he was in love. The imagination of love's young dream is the most stretchable thing I know of. Seriously, however, he was a very good judge of music, and I am convinced that what he heard was out of the ordinary.

But I must guide my story into the channel proper.

During the music Karloff and Colonel Annesley drifted into the latter's study. What passed between them I gather from bits recently dropped by Warburton.

"Good God, Karloff, what a net you have sprung about me!" said the colonel, despairingly.

"My dear Colonel, you have only to step out of it. It is the eleventh hour; it is not too late." But Karloff watched the colonel eagerly.

"How in God's name can I step out of it?"

"Simply reimburse me for that \$20,000 I advanced to you in good faith, and nothing more need be said." The count's Slavonic eyes were half-lidded.

"To give you back that amount will leave me a beggar, an absolute beggar, without a roof to shelter me. I am too old for service, and besides, I am physically incapacitated. If you should force me, I could not meet my note save by selling the house my child was born in. Have you discounted it?"

"No. Why should I present it at the bank? It does not mature till next Monday, and I am in no need of money."

"What a wretch I am!"

Karloff raised his shoulders resignedly.

"My daughter."

"Or my ducats," whimsically quoted the count. "Come, Colonel: do not waste time in useless retrospect. He stumbles who looks back. I have been thinking of your daughter. I love her, deeply, eternally."

"You love her?"

"Yes. I love her because she appeals to all that is young and good in me; because she represents the highest type of womanhood. With her as my wife, why, I should be willing to renounce my country, and your indebtedness would be crossed out of existence with one stroke of the pen."

The colonel's haggard face grew light with sudden hopefulness.

"I have been," the count went on, studying the ash of his cigar, "till this night what the world and my own conscience consider an honorable man. I have never wronged a man or woman personally. What I have done on the order of duty does not agitate my conscience. I am simply a machine. The moral responsibility rests with the czar. When I saw your daughter, I deeply regretted that you were her father."

(To Be Continued.)

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Indians Give Team a Good
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Hands of Jacksonville, and
Mattoon Loses.

LAST OF THE SERIES TODAY.

Team	W	L	Pct.
Cairo	29	19	.604
Vincennes	25	20	.556
Jacksonville	24	22	.523
Danville	24	24	.500
Paducah	21	27	.438
Mattoon	17	28	.378

Yesterday's Results.
Paducah 6, Danville 2.
Jacksonville 12, Cairo 6.
Vincennes 3, Mattoon 9.

Today's Schedule.
Paducah at Danville.
Cairo at Jacksonville.
Mattoon at Vincennes.

Danville, Ill., June 21.—Danville tried out a new pitcher yesterday. From every indication he was a failure, but little can be told of his work until he settles down and hits his stride.

Irwin is his name, and he was wild. He walked Indians and hit a few of them when they could not get out of the way of his wild shots. When the Indians failed to get a walk or struck by the ball they hit it out, and the scores made were secured in the early stages of the game.

Sammie Wright, the big Indian pitcher was in great form. The locals could not do anything at all with him until the eighth inning. Up until that inning not a run had been made and but one hit secured. The locals finally managed to hit a little batting streak but not enough to overcome the lead.

The locals made two bad errors, but the Indians had four misplays. The score: R H E
Paducah 6 7 4
Danville 2 5 2
Batteries—Wright and Downing; Irwin and Quiesler.

Tadpoles See a Stump.

Jacksonville, Ill., June 21.—Way was not in the "way" of Jacksonville stickmen and they hammered the ball all over the field. Jacksonville had a batting streak and there was no mistaking this. A total of 17 good, big healthy bingles tell the story of "the Big Stick" as wielded by the Belittes.

Allen was in good form and allowed comparatively few hits. Cairo made nearly as many runs as hits, this by good base running and a bunching of hits.

The score: R H E
Jacksonville 12 17 1
Cairo 6 8 2
Batteries—Allen and Belt; Way and Searles.

Hoosiers Get a Game.

Vincennes, Ind., June 21.—The Hoosiers whipped the Hostlers today in a well played game by a score of 3 to 0. The visitors failed to find Farrell, the man with the mustache. He had everything and hits were mighty scarce.

The locals on the other hand, bunched what few hits Dowell yielded, which with the errors made by Mattoon ran in the three tallies.

The score: R H E
Vincennes 3 5 2
Mattoon 0 2 4
Batteries—Farrell and Mattoon; Dowell and Schislett.

Dope.

Some fortune telling man said that Cairo was about due to hit a slump and it looks like it has come. Cairo is not playing the ball she did, but this probably comes from the fact that Fleming left the team and right field is not well protected. Cairo can now feel what it is to have one garden weak. It gives the team taken as a whole, nervousness. Pitchers can not work to an advantage and it demoralizes the entire team.

Groh seems to be doing pretty well with the stick. Bert Haas is also said to be hitting well.

The local management says there will be several new faces on the team when it returns from the trip. There are three new men on the Indian reservation now, but there are "more to come."

The report that Paducah is liable to drop out has started, but it is talk and nothing but talk. The report probably started from the fact that Paducah is losing and the attendance not good. The Indians will stick in the league as long as any team.

Roland, with Cairo, was playing some mighty bad ball the first few games, and there was a big hammer brigade out against him in Cairo. The press began jollying him up, and he is now playing great ball.

If the Indians take two-thirds of the games on the trip, and if they do as well as they have so far done in Danville, they will succeed, and the team standing will be forced up just a little. The race has grown in interest. It takes some fighting on the part of every team now to take the lead, and while a few games look by the leaders to the bottom rung team,

will make a big change, the low rung teams are winning together. This will have a tendency to pull the top-notchers down, but there will be little change in the consecutive order of the teams on the bottom.

Sammie Wright and Brahm are Paducah's hard-working non-sensational pitchers. They work "from the shoulder and head," as a fan fittingly expressed it.

Downing is being complimented on the circuit for his catching. His wing is mighty good this season, and he makes 'em hold on to the sacks. Nippert is playing good ball. Nippert will not see his arm "in good" before real hot weather comes. He whips them about the bags like peas during the heated season.

The Indians have won two and the Mud Wallopers, alias Rats alias Barons, alias Perfects, alias Perfectos and several other aliases, have lost two straight and "His Jaggs" is frothing at the mouth. The Sun printed a little dope, which hurt to the quick, and "His Jaggs" took another shot at himself. Evidently the Blue Point Needle did not do its work well, or else the brand was "double crossed," anyway we see evidence of a bad stomach.

Next time try the left leg. Punishment to the arm sometimes proves too severe. Too much of a good thing sometimes causes a loss of effect.

Smoke up, "Pap," the drug stores here have not gone out of business, if they have run out of "the brand" in Cairo, call for aid from Paducah. We'll throw out the life line.

"His Jaggs" named a certain brand of dope Bob Berryhill is alleged to have been using in his games of late. "It is known as the Winning Brand," "His Jaggs" declared. Well, "His Jaggs" ought to know the brand. We will not dispute the decision.

"Farnbaker of the Cairo Bulletin, continues to say harsh things about the players of the other teams that play at Cairo. He is doing more injury to the game and breeding more dissension to the league than all the writers on the Kitty circuit. As a rule the baseball writers give the opposing teams all that is coming to them and are trying to boost the game."—Mattoon Journal-Gazette.

Coming Some.

The Princeton "Grays," an independent team of semi-professionals, is "coming some," and yesterday won its eleventh straight game from Hopkinsville by a score of 12 to 8. Bob Hayes, a Paducah player, caught for the Grays and made a "killing."

The score: R H E
Princeton 12 9 2
Hopkinsville 8 7 6
Batteries—Stevens, Moore and Hayes; Campbell and Stone. Umpires, Smith and Setterfield.

The Grays last Sunday defeated the Cairo Babsts and this Sunday will play the Henderson Purities. The team has a record to be envied.

Sunday Game Off.

The L. A. Ls and Centrals will not play at Wallace park Sunday. The game has been called off, and the L. A. L. team will go to Cairo to play an amateur team of that city. All members are requested to be at the train at 9:30 o'clock Sunday morning.

THE BIG LEAGUES

National League.

	R	H	E
St. Louis	2	7	1
Philadelphia	3	7	1
Pittsburgh	4	14	2
New York	5	11	3

American League.

	R	H	E
Detroit	0	7	2
Cleveland	9	13	0
Detroit	2	7	3
Cleveland	3	14	1
Washington	1	4	0
Philadelphia	1	6	2

Second Game.

	R	H	E
Detroit	2	7	3
Cleveland	3	14	1
Washington	1	4	0
Philadelphia	1	6	2

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